Many Men of Many Minds

Sir Hall Caine.—Some of us honestly believe that if Great Britain is to do so no longer, it will be good for the peace of the world that the great democracy of the West should rule the great highways of the world.

Sir Thomas Lipton.—Saving is the first great principle of all success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, it fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment.

J. J. Underwood.—The day when representatives could be frightened with awful tales about what this class or that class was going to do to them at the next election has gone by. There is a general feeling that it is about time something was done for the country as a whole, and that's what's going to be done if Congress has its way about it.

H. A. Henderson.—With Bolshevism knocking at her eastern gates and with all the Entente Powers more or less hostile to the man who has returned to the throne, Greece may yet have cause to regret the absence of the great leader she has repudiated.

Professor George Santayana.—To be poor in order to be simple, to produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful, and may leave us less burdened with unnecessary duties and useless possessions—that is an ideal not yet articulate in the American mind; yet here and there I seem to have heard a sigh after it, a groan at the perpetual incubus of business and shrill society.

John D. Rockefeller.—How can one be ready for the glorious opportunities ahead of him unless he has cultivated the habit of economy and prudence? He must save all he can in season and out of season.

Stuart Chase.—If society made the things it genuinely needed according to the best available technical methods of production and distribution, there would result an industrially wasteless society.

Philip Gibbs.—The soul of France is not happy nor at peace. Her agonies are too fresh, her wounds are still unhealed, and the price of victory has been too great. Whether one goes to the chateau of the landowner or to the cottage of the peasant, or the poor rooms of city needlewomen and workers, one is confronted instantly, four times out of five, with the ghost of some dead boy or man who haunts the living.

C. W. Nash.—Real success is the realization of an ambition to build or to accomplish something worth while and lasting. It is the achievement itself which brings the greater reward of satisfaction, not the money it may amass.

T. M. Fraser.—Only the strictest enforcement of the immigration laws is preventing Canada from being flooded with Europeans fleeing from the poverty and desolation of that continent. Both in Europe and at our ports the immigration authorities are on the alert to prevent the entrance of undesirables into Canada. It is anticipated that there will be an even stronger flow of European emigration to Canada's shores. It is a most difficult task to control and also to prevent undesirables entering, but if the regulations are not strictly enforced this country will soon cease to be Anglo-Saxon.

Canada Won't Be Anglo-Saxon If Aliens Flood in

Mary Garden.—I hope soon that we can put on Wagner and other German composers. Then I plan 33 per cent each Italian, German and French; and when good opera comes to be written by English and American composers, I would have their work performed in English for English as a singing language is as understandable as any other, as demonstrated by John McCormack, the greatest exponent of English singing I have ever heard.

Henry Cantwell Wallace.—We must have it constantly in mind that the fertility of our soil is our greatest national material asset, upon the maintenance of which our very existence depends. We can take little pride in great production if it means the depletion of our capital resource.

Andrew J. Volstead.—The saloon has been thrust from existence throughout the United States.

E. M. Statler.—When we do not improve, learn, develop old ideas or find new ones—we go backward. And you and I know how fast we go, when there's no driving power to keep us going forward.

Marshall Field.—I would consider it criminal if I did not take advantage of my opportunities to assist in the developing of American industry. It is using money, becoming part of the great exchange of ideas, investments, purchases and sales, that makes a man feel that he belongs to the life of his country.

Frank L. Dykema.—We are in a period of low citizenship morale, not as an after-the-war reception but as a logical result of the failure of our schools, churches and homes to train the citizens of today, in their youth, that the rights of an American citizen can only be preserved through the recognition and performance of the duties of an American citizen.

R. P. Hearne.—Within ten years the power monopoly of coal will be broken, and it will be broken not by political or economic methods, but by the arrival of a new fuel which will displace coal. Long before our coal measures are exhausted, coal-mining, as we know it today, will have ceased, and the coal strike will become as obsolete as coal itself. The age of liquid fuel has already commenced.

John Hays Hammond.—The sentiment is every day growing against the politician-orator type. The people want men who will talk less and do more; they are happily beginning to learn that the impassioned oratory by which a man gets himself elected to office grows out of a disposition that usually unfits him for the position to which he is elected.

Judge K. M. Landis.—Saloons made crooks and crooks made horseracing and boxing more than the public would stand, but neither liquor nor crooks are going to spoil baseball.

Unknown America—Looking Over Lookout

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cactus, and green-blazing small trees. But these bedizenments are less noticeable, and less frequent, than are the freckles on the face of a red-haired urchin.

In clearings scattered through the forests there are other rock plains. But they are fairly level places, and none of them is of any very great area. From one side to the other they are covered with shallow indentations that have the appearance of footprints of broad-footed beasts. Looking upon these smaller rock fields it is no strain on your imagination to picture them as animal dance halls when the rock scum still was soft. The indentations seemingly are the records of the solemn advance and retreat, and advance again, of these animals through the steps of some ridiculous rigadoon. The impression of looking upon an abandoned dance hall comes to a windup when you count the number of elevations scattered about its edges. These elevations are shaped like precisely-cut-across tree stumps that might have served as supports for benches giving comfort to onlookers during the festivities.

The endless lure on Lookout Mountain, however, is its streams, if you're at all active, and delight in paddling your own canoe, or in rowing a wide-nose, flat-bottom boat. The rivers flow through stretches of forest, and suddenly turn to make their way through gorges whose walls are smothered beneath restful laurels and gay rhododendrons, eerie orchids and flowering shrubs that wave in fantastic legless ballet as you pass them. Strings of a hundred and more fighting game fish are not uncommon in one day's catch. In the pools you can anchor your boat in the shade of the pines, and lie on your back in utter abandonment to the spell that comes over you—for Lookout Mountain is hypnotic.

The flora of Lookout is a hybrid of tropic growth and temperate plant life in many instances. And there are the fungi that are numerous and forward in their uncommon and brilliant colorings. Designers of women's dress fabrics are beginning to search the mountain's top to find and to examine these fungi for the purpose of evolving from them new color combinations. One of the fungi is shaped like a flapjack, supported by a short, stocky pedestal. The middle of the growth is overfat, but it thins to sharpness near the edge. On the top surface, and near its edge, the coloring is delicate orange. The tint deepens gradually toward the center, where it is a soft-toned spot of deepest hue.

Of course, all things on Lookout Mountain are not the handiwork of nature. A good many of them are man-made, and when you wander among some of them you immediately face a wall of haunting, unwritten history. There are, perhaps, more caves and grottoes on Lookout Mountain than there are on any other elevation in the world. In a few of these grottoes prehistoric men have left records that are unreadable. Coming down to the days when exploration was the principal business in the United States, De Soto crossed the mountain from Georgia into Alabama, and stopped at a place where Little River drops over a rock formation of peculiar texture, and then into a deep basin. From there the stream flows through a drawn-in gorge that follows a tortuous path to its meeting place with the other two rivers. During high water the falls extend to impressive width, and during low water it is a brook that affords unique shower bathing.

A ledge projects into the basin above the ordinary height of the water. It forms a platform before several openings that are entrances to caverns beneath the falls. Prehistoric mountaineers fortified these caverns, and some distance back in them the ancient defensive works are still in existence. What these ancients did when the water in the basin was high enough to flood their fort is a matter for conjecture; but floods seem never to have caught them unprepared, for their fort remains in very good condition when you take its evident age into consideration.

To the west of the falls a gigantic rock wave, seemingly at one time on the move from the direction of the falls toward the west, halted, it is easy to believe, and reared its head for a view of the surrounding country. Before it could bring its head back to earth-level it was stricken with solidification. Upon three sides this wave presents an unclimbable front; the fourth side slopes gradually in the direction of the basin. De Soto built a fort on the rock wave. It consisted of two stone walls, the first an expansive half-circle near the bottom, and from edge to edge of the wave. The second wall is a half-circle well up toward the brink. About seven feet of these walls are buried in humus, leaving not more than two feet above the surface. What De Soto did in the neighborhood, and how long he stayed there, is something for you to puzzle over, if you are historically inclined, for nobody seems to have very much to say on the subject. About all the information that you're likely to get is that De Soto, or some one who came after him, gave his name to the falls.

It is in the neighborhood of De Soto Falls that you come upon the heart of one of the most interesting aspects of Lookout Mountain. Particularly since the start of the World War back yonder in 1914, this entire region has been the playground of fine old southern families. They come from the heart of Romance Land in Louisiana; from plantations and cities of the Carolinas, and of Georgia and Alabama; and from every other section of the South where traditions not only are narrations to be handed down from generation to generation, but where they also are something to be actually lived from day to day.

In the wildest and most fascinating sections of this part of Lookout Mountain, extending below what is known as "Grand Canyon," because of its resemblance to the natural wonder in the West, these families have built summer homes. Against this weird background they live the sort of a life that reproduces a good deal of the romance of the South that most of us have read enough about in the pages of quaint fiction and description, but that few of us have ever seen as a bit of old-time realism. These genial pages from rare books begin to appear early in the spring, when the families come onto the mountain, and they flourish until late into the fall, when the migration from it begins.

The homes are known as "slab shacks," because they are constructed from slabs that are cut from the logs made by the timber cut away to provide a place to erect the buildings. In style these structures vary, from bungalows to rambling affairs, on the order of old-fashioned plantation "big houses." In places the "slab shacks" are grouped in colonies near the east and west brows of the mountain, and again families live in complete isolation in out-of-the-way places that are hard to find without a guide. There are also several hotels that really are community homes, built after the same delightful pattern. Clubs have purchased immense tracts of land. On these holdings the "shacks" are built nearer together, so that hot and cold water and electricity can be supplied from central plants. The idea of spending the summer in the South may appear to be a wild thought if you've never rambled that country during warm weather, but though the days are hot, of a night, even in July, camp fires are often pleasing things, and blankets are almost a necessity before morning.